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PRECIOUS THOUGHTS

ROSE LONG

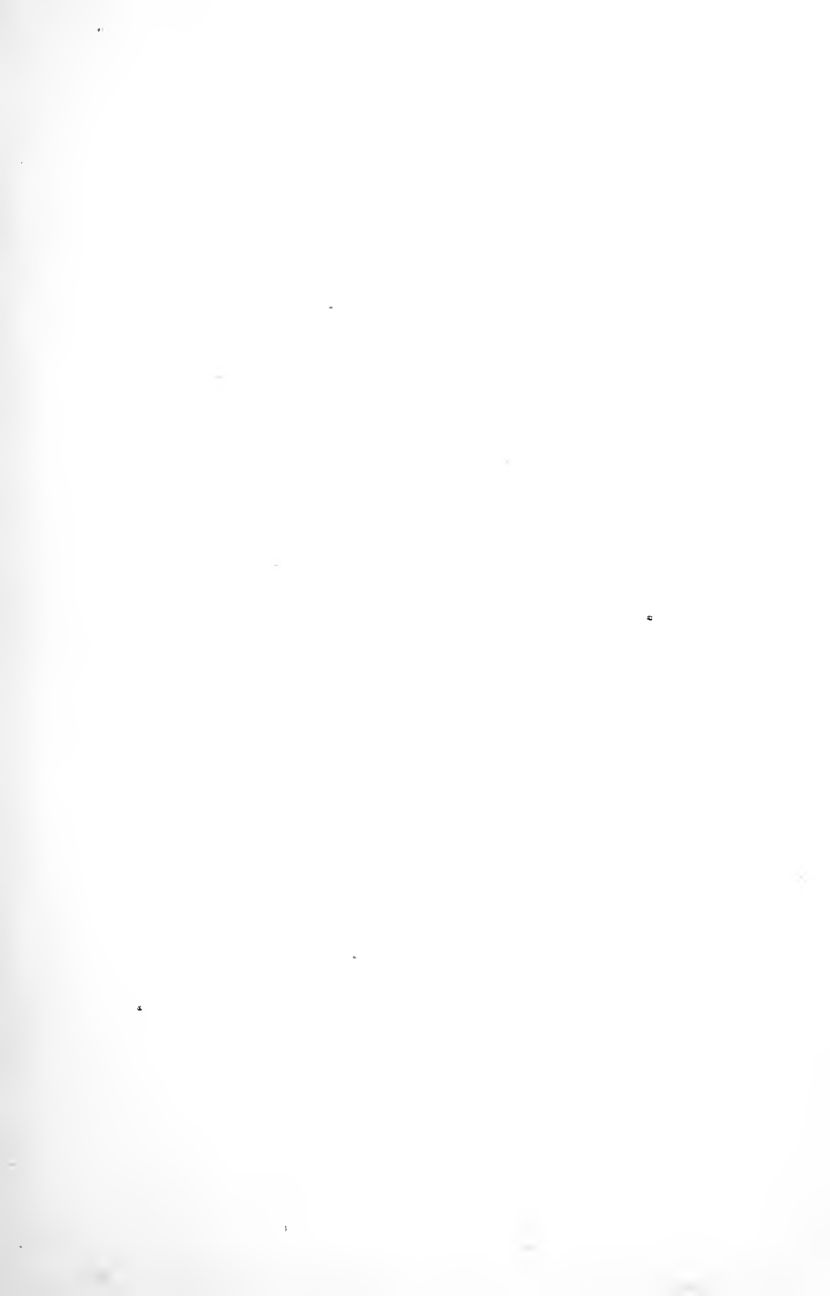


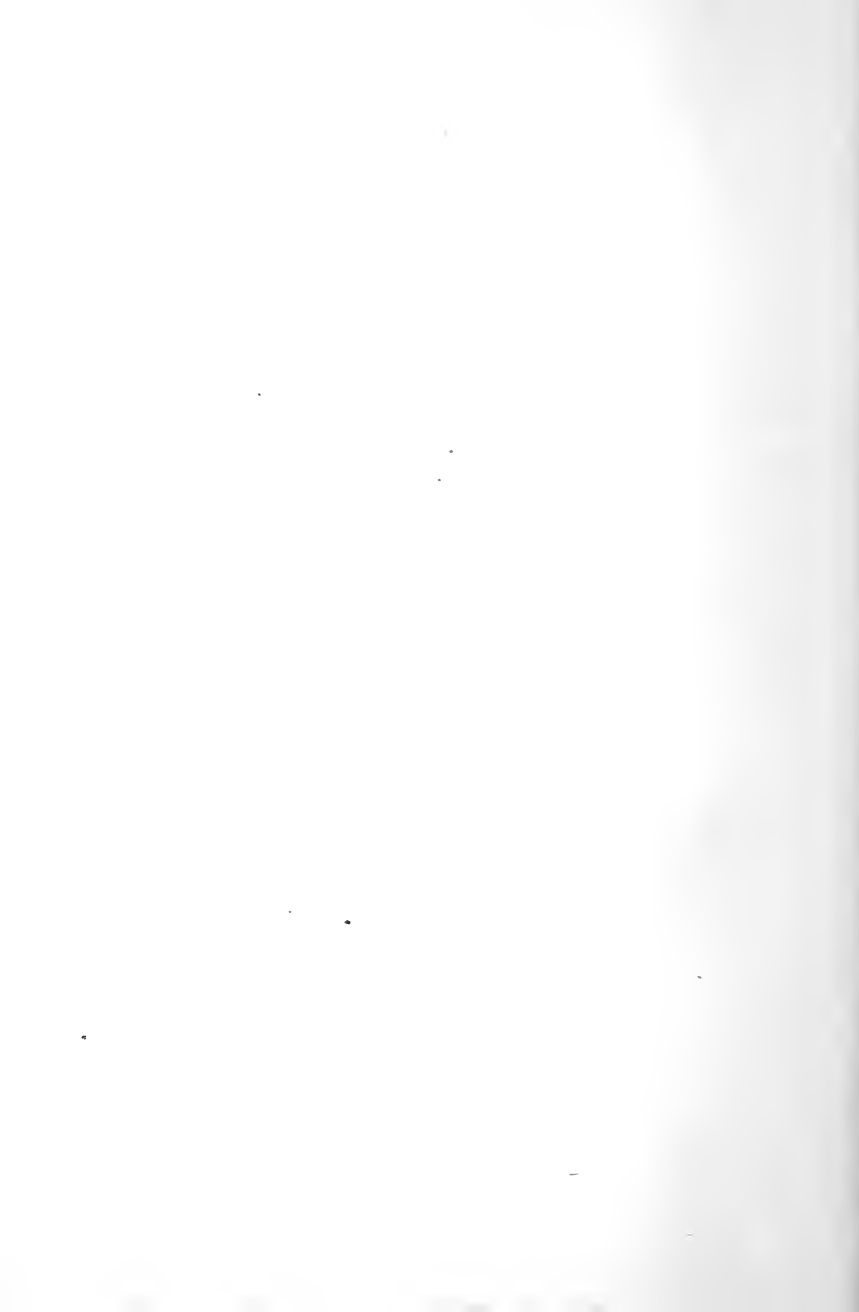


Class PS3523

Book O475P7
1974

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ROSE LONG.

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B Y R O S E L O N G



PUBLISHED BY BROADWAY
PUBLISHING COMPANY
8-3-5 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

PS 3523
D475P7
1904

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Gift

Long Rose, 1873 - 1874

July 3, 1933

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DEDICATED

TO MY MOTHER, TO A VERY DEAR FRIEND
AND TO ALL LOVERS OF HIGH IDEALS

PRECIOUS THOUGHTS.

NICOLAS HAPPYSOME.

I.

THE CHILDREN.

AT Sunny Dale, a secluded little hamlet, surrounded by green hills and waving pines and firs, in Oregon, sweet Oregon, lives the Happysome family, which consists of a father and mother, with three children.

Shall I tell you the names of the children? Yes. Blossom, the eldest, is a queenly-bearing girl of sixteen summers, with bright, dark-blue eyes and golden, waving hair. Beautiful and sweet is her disposition, no matter whether fortune casts a smile or a shadow upon her life. So radiant and inspiring is her life that the village people call her "Sunshine of Sunny Dale." Her

mind is stored with much useful learning, which she drank in not only while at the best high school in the State, but also at home, having had free access to a little home library. Bright does her future career appear.

I shall now introduce you to Nicolas, the older boy. In appearance Nicolas forms a great contrast to Blossom. He is an awkward, overgrown boy of fourteen years, whom one might take to be much older. Straight is his black hair; large and non-expressive are his dark eyes; brown are his cheeks, and like in form the beak of the eagle is his nose. So mischievous is this boy, so unpleasing is his face and the carriage of his body, that his parents fear for his future. Save for his jolly disposition and generous nature, he might be a victim to the taunts and tricks of the village boys.

Nicolas' brother Ray, the baby, is quite a promising boy. Here and there is he to be seen so very busy in his little way with his toys and talking in a language peculiar to himself, a language now soft and low, now harsh and shrill.

II.

NICOLAS' SPORT WITH THE BEARS.

FIRST a rattle and a bang of the door, and then, with eyes as large as a saucer, with mouth expanded to its very limit, with a face lit up with smiles, with trousers tattered and torn, and with a leap and a bound, and crying out, "I have killed her! I have killed her, mother!" appeared Master Nicolas in the presence of his mother, a sweet, lovable woman, with silvered auburn hair, and on whom fortune had once smiled very kindly and left its happy impress.

"Killed what, my son? Killed what?" asked Mrs. Happysome in one breath.

Down deep into the great, large pocket of his hunting coat Nicolas thrust his hand, and drew out two tiny, hairy babies—bear cubs.

"What! Did you have heart to kill the mother? What are you going to do with the little orphans?" asked his mother, anxiously.

"What am I going to do with them? To be sure, the matter was settled in my mind two or

three weeks ago, when I first saw the bear in the woods and heard her cubs. My intention is to send them off to San Francisco or some other large city, when they are quite big, and get a handsome price for them. My, won't you be proud of your son when he has his big purse full of silver pieces!" replied Nicolas.

"Very well, my son. May you nurture them well and be successful financially," responded Mrs. Happysome.

"Blossom! Blossom! Where are you? Do come quick!" cried Nicolas, in accents loud and shrill—so shrill that they permeated the whole house, from room to room. On hearing her name called in such exciting tones, Blossom instantly sprang to her feet, dropping her embroidery work upon the floor. Quick as a flash yesterday's experience with her mischievous brother came to her mind.

"I won't go. It is another one of his tricks to make sport at my expense," she muttered in a low tone.

Since curiosity, which slumbers in every bosom, must be made content when once aroused,

Blossom hastily fled to the spot from which came the call. Right before her stood Nicolas, heroic Nicolas Happysome, with his hat drawn down over his face and his hands behind his back. With one leap, he sprang behind his victim and placed the cubs upon her shoulders before she had time to speak.

"Oh, what are they? What are they? They are too large for mice—horrid, nasty mice! Take them off! Do take them off, for mercy's sake, or I shall become distracted with fear! I will give you a big slice of that lemon-cake if you do. Be quick!" exclaimed the bewildered girl.

Meanwhile our hero was reeling from side to side, nearly dying with laughter as he beheld Blossom crying and trying to shake them off.

Finding her brother to be entirely without mercy, a leap or two brought her to her smiling, amused mother, who gently took the babies from off her shoulders and placed them upon the floor. Then all three joined in a jolly good laugh—such a laugh as would have made the darkest pessimist for a few moments feel the pleasure of a little personal sunshine.

"Come with me to the little bears' future home," said Nicolas.

At his bidding mother and sister followed him till they arrived at the babies' new home.

"Remember, my son," said Mrs. Happysome, "this matter means increased labor on your part. You will have to see that more hay and grain are raised for Cherry, so that she can give more milk. Then, too, you will have to carry your gun upon your shoulders more often than you do now—heaven knows you do this entirely too much already!—in order to fill your hungry 'adopted childrens' mouths, till they are large enough to dispose of at a fair bargain. May you be a kind guardian to them."

"And what are you going to do with the money you get for them?" inquired Blossom.

"Oh, I will buy—well, I won't tell you what. Just wait patiently, and you will know," replied Nicolas, laughingly.

III.

THE HAPPYSOMES' LOVE FOR FLOWERS.

Not only was the Happysome house artistically ornamented within, but the walks and gardens without were beautifully decorated with rare, sweet flowers, which were not only the pride of the household, but also the envy of the neighboring families.

When duty did not call Blossom within doors she spent her leisure time out among the flowers.

What recreation is purer, what recreation is more ennobling than that spent in the culture of flowers?

Some one has prettily said that love for nature's green garment of vegetation indicates a mind of pure thoughts. The lives of the Happy-some family are included among those that have verified this saying, for no purer individuals than they breathe or have ever breathed.

IV.

CLAUD AUSTIN PROPOSES MARRIAGE TO BLOSSOM.

"DEARIE, what has befallen you? Why have you been so grave during the day? What disturbs you? Speak your mind to me, my child," said Mrs. Happysome to Blossom one day.

"Do you not remember my getting a letter last night from my old high school friend, Claud Austin, a young musician by profession? Well, he has asked me that old, old question which is ever new to true lovers," said Blossom.

"What! Has he asked you to be his wife?" inquired the mother.

"Yes; but he does not want me to marry him for four or five years yet, for we are nothing but children now, he being twenty-one and I almost seventeen. To-morrow I shall write to him and ask him to come with his sister Sylvia, a charming, womanly young woman, and make us a visit this fall, so that not only you can see him, but also he and I can talk the matter over in person," replied Blossom.

"A capital idea, my daughter. Have him drop you a few lines before their arrival. Would that your poor father could be here at that time instead of within the legislative walls!" said Mrs. Happysome.

Claud Austin was one of the many who had sought the hand of Blossom. The report of her rare purity and worth had been noised far and near. Yet none as yet had succeeded in winning her respect and love. Is Claud Austin to be rejected also?

V.

NICOLAS ENCOUNTERS AN OWL.

"It is noon now, and Nicolas has not yet made his appearance. I fear that some misfortune has befallen him, for he left with his gun very early this morning for the woods," said Blossom.

Within half an hour Ray came running into the house to tell the good news that Nicolas was coming.

"Well, how do you do, 'stranger'? What have

you been doing since early morning, my son?" said the uneasy mother.

"Now, to make a long story short, I will be quite concise. While roaming through the woods I encountered an old owl perched upon a limb. The owl nodded good-morning to me, and I did the same to him. Then I sat down upon a moss-cushioned log and gazed at him. As I gazed, I fell into a deep meditation—a meditation that had no bounds, apparently. The question that I tried to solve was, Which is the greater—the owl that lays the egg, or the egg that hatches the owl? The more I thought, the more difficult of solving seemed the question. At last I gave up in utter disgust, after having mused three or four hours.

"Don't you know, mother, I believe that the owl was thinking about the very same question? Don't you remember having read in that new book which tells about the transmission of thought? Well, I believe his thoughts were transmitted to me. How else could I have thought of such a thing?" said Nicolas.

"Son! My son, such a subject is too deep even

for philosophers, let alone my little boy. Better would it be for you to think about how to keep your body clothed, how to keep food upon your table, and how to become a manly man, an independent and respected man. These questions are questions worthy of every one's consideration. If they were thought of more, there would be less paupers in the world," replied Mrs. Happysome.

"Oh, the babies! Oh, the babies are howling for food! Surely, they must have seen me coming home. Too bad! I entirely forgot them while in the woods, for I was too deeply meditating about the owl question. Well, this carelessness means another hunt for me before the sun sets this day. A scrap or two from the table will satisfy them. I will go at once to attend to them," said Nicolas.

VI.

THE AUSTINS' VISIT TO THE HAPPYSOMES.

SWIFTLY did the months pass. Autumn is at hand, and the Happysomes' visitors are expected any moment.

The rattle of a vehicle announced the guests' arrival at the village.

Blossom, dressed in a plain but becoming gown, welcomed them at the gate and led the way to the door, where they were met by Mrs. Happysome, who politely ushered them in. The vehicle and horses were taken to the barn and cared for.

The next day the Happysomes, accompanied by their guests, carried their baskets full of various articles of food to the woods, and spent the day in eating, drinking and merrymaking. Nicolas spent the time with his fowling piece, while the rest of the crowd fished, told side-rending stories and wandered through the woods.

While the party walked home, a casual observer might have noticed the manly bearing of Claud Austin as he walked by the side of Blossom. With his tall, straight person, with his black, curly hair, and with his dark-brown eyes, he seemed an ideal companion for the fair form at his side.

Before the Austins' departure a close friendship had been formed between the two families.

After all was quiet again at the Happysome home and work went its regular round, Mrs. Happysome asked Blossom what was to be her future relation to young Austin. To her mother's questions she replied: "It is agreed by us that we shall wed after we have grown older and Mr. Austin has been blessed more favorably financially."

"May no dark shadow separate you from him before the appointed time! As for myself, I am very much pleased with him, for I believe him to be a pure, good man," said Mrs. Happysome.

VII.

A CALL AT THE HAPPYSOMES' BY MRS. BROOKS.

"LISTEN, dearest. What is that which I hear?" said Mrs. Happysome to Blossom.

Another quick, nervous rap told the eager listeners that Mrs. Brooks was without the door.

"Go and ask her in, and entertain her till I make and bake these cakes," said the mother.

Now, Mrs. Brooks was a great talker. In

fact, the village people had named her "The Newspaper."

When comfortably seated, Mrs. Brooks said:

"You find it quite lonely since the Austins have left, do you not? Indeed, they tell me that young Austin and you are engaged. Come, now, Sun-Blossom, don't deny it."

A sudden rush of blood to Blossom's cheeks verified the report.

"What little bird carried the message, I wonder? Mr. Austin and I intended to keep the matter to ourselves. Since it is no longer a secret, it is very well," replied Blossom.

"Have you heard," said Mrs. Brooks, "the scandal about winsome young Widow Temple? Oh, it is horrible—simply horrid!"

"No," replied Blossom. "Do give an account of the incident."

"Well," said Mrs. Brooks, "the other day she called on Mrs. Pendleton, who had been plotting vengeance against her for some time. A slam of the door in her face told her that she was no longer wanted at the Pendleton home. It seems that Mrs. Temple had been casting bewitching

smiles at Mr. Pendleton for several weeks. Mrs. Pendleton had been noticing that her husband kept spending less of his leisure hours at home, but had too much confidence in him to believe evil of him. One evening last week, when she saw her husband and pretty Widow Temple walking up the path together from the post office, she thought she had an explanation of both her husband's recent conduct toward her and Widow Temple's frequent calls at her home. This little incident was the cause of the Temple woman's insult by Mrs. Pendleton.

"If I had been Mrs. Pendleton I would have challenged her to a duel. Oh, I would have pulled her hair out by the roots, scratched out her eyes, and knocked her down, so that she would have something else to think about besides trying to mar the happiness of homes! You look as if you doubt it. I would have done it. I mean exactly what I say, and nothing else.

"Husbands—what are they, that many of them should deem themselves privileged characters? They are not a whit better than their wives. Let them do naught but what they would want their

wives do. There is but one woman for the true husband ; but one man for the true wife."

"Your ideas about the equality of man and wife, about the sacredness of marriage are good—simply grand!" replied Blossom. "Oh, here comes mother with a tray of cookies and tarts," said Blossom.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Brooks. We began to think you had forgotten us. Do take some of my pastry," said Mrs. Happysome.

"I was just going to tell Blossom about the dog and sheep trouble between Mr. Bruce and Mr. Clark. It is very amusing," said Mrs. Brooks.

"Do tell us. We have not heard yet of any difficulty between the two neighbors. What is it all about?" said Blossom.

"Well," began Mrs. Brooks, "Bruce's big dog—the yellow dog—has killed five or six of Clark's sheep. Bruce refused to pay the price Clark wanted for the dead sheep.

"One day they met in the lane connecting their ranches. A hand-to-hand fight followed. Now Bruce was victor, now Clark. People far and near heard their cries. A crowd of idlers rushed

to the little hill, at some distance from them, and beheld the two old men combating each other. They said it was worth going miles to see. A stranger who chanced to pass their way cried out:

“Holloo, old boys! Are you testing your strength? This day is too pleasant to be wasted in play; to-morrow it will be raining, and your hay in the field will be ruined.”

“Up sprang the two old men, apparently exhausted after several hours of wrangling, fist-fighting and rolling upon the ground. After Bruce had finally agreed to pay the cost of the sheep on condition that Clark should inclose his land with a new, strong fence, they parted on good terms.”

“Indeed, it must have been exceedingly amusing,” said both Blossom and Mrs. Happysome.

“The clock strikes five. I must take my leave or my dear husband’s supper won’t be prepared when he comes,” said Mrs. Brooks.

After a kind invitation for the Happysomes to call on her and a warm good-by, our visitor started for home.

VIII.

NICOLAS' TRIP TO SAN FRANCISCO.

"MOTHER," said Nicolas one day, "Guy Green and I have been planning for some time to take a trip to San Francisco. We are going to work in Martin's sawmill this summer to get money to go on this fall. We will manage to do the home chores morning and evening, so that we can be spared during the day. Oh, yes, we intend to take the bears with us and sell them for a big sum."

"Very well, my son. It is necessary that you see a little of the world, for you are getting on in years," said the mother.

Summer has passed; autumn is near its close. Nicolas and Guy are expected home any day.

A gentle knock called Blossom to the door. A cry of delight from her announced the arrival of Nicolas.

"Come, mother, with sister and me to the barn," said Nicolas.

Curious, yet trembling, they followed him. A

little Shetland pony and a baby monkey met their eyes when the barn door was opened.

"Are these the things you bought with the bear money?" asked Blossom.

"To be sure. Are they not worth many times the bears?" replied Nicolas.

"Yes, if you do not break your neck in trying to train the pony—yes, if you do not teach the monkey to play tricks on me," said Blossom.

"Shall I tell you about the things which we saw in the city?" asked Nicolas, a few days after his arrival.

"Yes, do," replied all the rest of the family.

"All right," replied Nicolas, "I will be brief. We made our abode on Market street. Every Saturday evening we walked down Market to the Emporium, called America's grandest store, to listen to the skilled musicians who play incessantly for several hours.

"Several times we rode out to the Cliff House and took a bath at Sutro's bathing establishment. Such baths as they are would be highly enjoyed by almost every one.

"Golden Gate Park had a peculiar attraction

for us. This natural park is scarcely to be surpassed for its beauty elsewhere in America. Here in a lake we saw swans, in fields buffalo, elk, deer and kangaroos; here in a cave we saw the old black, grizzly bear. While here we visited the chutes, where we saw all kinds of monkeys, snakes and other animals, including lions, foxes, etc., and rode in the miniature cars and in the boat.

"Oh, the ride in the boat down that long, slanting wooden approach to the water! Oh, its plunge, when it so suddenly touched the water! Oh, the rapidity with which it rode over the watery surface! Why, I thought I would actually lose my breath and sitting!"

"Allow me to interrupt you, my son," said the mother. "for it is nearly bedtime."

IX.

A LETTER TO BLOSSOM FROM CLAUD AUSTIN.

NEARLY four years have passed since the Austins' visit to the Happysome family.

One night Nicolas handed a letter to Blossom.

It was from Claud Austin. The contents of this letter brought tears to her eyes.

Saying, "Here, mother, read for yourself this letter," Blossom threw herself upon the sofa and hid her face in her hands, and silently wept.

The following sentences were found in the letter: "Blossom, my love, my all, a great shadow hangs over my life at present. Our hopes of marrying next year have been crushed under the heel of misfortune—under the heel of cruel disease. An operation, costing five hundred dollars, was performed upon my brother, Clyde. I felt duty bound to pay that sum, and in order to do so I have drawn five hundred dollars—my whole bank deposit.

"I trust that you will not think ill of me, but will be willing to wait a year or two till I can furnish you a beautiful home to make you happy. Meanwhile, let us 'trust that somehow good will be the final goal of ill.' Life without you, Blossom, would be a perfect blank to me, for you have become dearer to me than my very life."

In reply to these words, Blossom said in her next letter: "Claud, you misunderstand me, I

fear. For these long years I have not been thinking of marrying you for your money and worldly riches, but because of your pure, rare character, your personal worth. Wealth, remember, is naught in comparison to a noble character. I could be happy—very happy—with you with nothing but a few yards of canvas to shelter us from nature's elements; I could be happy with you if I had naught to eat and drink but bread and water."

X.

NICOLAS' SPORT WITH THE PONY.

"WHAT is that noise which I hear outside? I will run out and see," said Blossom.

Within a few seconds she returned, choking with laughter and saying:

"Do come quick, mother! Hurry! You must not fail to see the sight."

The mother calmly replied, "It is one of Nicolas' pranks, I suppose."

Sure enough. Nicolas was having fine sport.

Running at full speed through the field was Prince, the Shetland pony. Upon his back sat Nicolas, with his long legs dangling upon the ground. Jack, the monkey, was hanging to the pony's tail. Close at his heels were faithful Rover and the rest of the dogs. With every leap of the pony Nicholas, Jack and the dogs gave a yell of delight.

How amused was Nicolas when he saw Blossom and his mother looking at him and nearly distracted with mirth at his expense!

"Yes, Blossom," said he, "you can ride behind me some day if you choose. Wouldn't we look gay?"

"Yes," replied she, "we would form a circus by ourselves; and, too, we could charge a small fee at the gate. Mother can act as collector, and Ray as treasurer. How does this please you?"

"I agree," said Nicolas, "to it. When shall the day be? Pshaw! you don't mean what you say, do you?"

XI.

THE ARRIVAL OF MR. HAPPYSOME.

ONE evening Ray came running into the house, saying: "Mamma, I sees papa toming. Oh, I sees him ture!"

Running as fast as his little legs could carry him, he met his father—a short, handsome man, with silvery hair. After a few great hugs and kisses, his father picked him up in his arms and walked rapidly toward the rest of the family, who came running to meet him.

When Mr. Happysome was pleasantly seated in the old armchair, he said:

"I am so very glad to be at home once more. I find no place equal to my own little home. Would that duty did not call me so far away most of the year! Alas, it must do so for some time yet. I find the life of a Senator not the most agreeable of lives. I am to be here but a few days, and then I must go back to the capital."

"Arise, father," said Nicolas, "and come with me to see my investment—the investment I made with the bear money."

Off father and son walked to the barn, where Prince and Jack were comfortably housed for the night.

"What are these animals good for?" asked the father.

"For many things. I quite frequently ride the pony while I am hunting for old Cherry. Then, too, I use him in hauling wood to the shed.

"As for the monkey, we find him worth the enjoyment he gives us. He is so full of tricks," replied Nicolas.

"What! Do you ride the pony, my son? You must look very amusing while on his back," said the father.

"Amusing, did you say? Well, just ask sister and mother about it," replied Nicolas, smilingly.

XII.

THE VILLAGE CHARITY CIRCLE.

YESTERDAY the Bee, a charity circle, met at the home of Miss Ruth Glens. Both young and old were present. The Happysome women were included among the number.

The afternoon was spent in sewing articles of various kinds of clothing for a large, destitute family but a few miles away.

When a wagon loaded with the garments arrived at the home of the scantily-clad family, sunshine dispelled the dark shadow from their faces. Such happy faces as they were are rarely seen.

From year to year the Bee scatters seeds of sunshine in dark, hungry homes.

XIII.

THE MONKEY'S RIDE.

"Look out at de windoo. I sees," said Ray, "something so vely tunny."

All did as they were commanded.

Right upon old Rover's back sat the monkey, holding with one hand to pussy and with the other to a rope tied around the dog's neck. Both the monkey and the cat were screaming as they rode about the yard on Rover, whose tail almost touched the ground and whose head hung down as if he had just been flogged.

This incident was one long to be remembered with laughter by the family.

"What won't that boy Nicolas teach that monkey yet? Well, it is far better for him to innocently amuse himself at home with the pony and the monkey than to spend his spare moments with the village loungers, who might lead him into a grave vice," said Mrs. Happysome.

XIV.

NICOLAS' EXPERIENCE ON THE ICE.

ONE wintry day, when there were ice and snow upon the ground, Nicolas and Guy, accompanied by Blossom and Ruth Glens, started out for the lake, which was but a few miles from the village.

Such a merry crowd had never left Sunny Dale. The jingle of the bells of the sled drawn by Prince as they passed along made the old feel young again as they recalled their childhood days.

Nicolas and Guy sported upon the ice, while the girls rode at full speed over the snow.

"Let us see," said Nicolas to Guy, "who can go farthest out upon the ice."

All of a sudden a penetrating cry from the direction of the lake reached the girls' ears.

In an instant they were standing trembling at the edge of the lake. They saw a hole in the ice and poor Nicolas, venturesome Nicolas, struggling in the water and crying out at the top of his voice for help.

Betwixt the three they succeeded in rescuing him from an untimely death.

What an odd, laughable sight did Nicolas, with his drenched clothes, present! So queer, indeed, did he look that his companions burst into a loud laugh. Nicolas, however, had not heart to join them in their merriment as they laughed at his expense.

After this exciting incident the party betook themselves home.

"Nicolas, my poor son, what has befallen you?" asked Mrs. Happysome, as she beheld Nicolas drenched with water from head to foot.

"Let me take your wet clothes and hat and lay them upon the ground to dry," said Blossom.

Nicolas, although his pride had been some-

what wounded, soon recovered from the shock of this day's experience, and was as mischievous as ever.

XV.

CHANGES IN THE LIVES OF THE HAPPYSOME AND
AUSTIN FAMILIES.

SINCE first, kind reader, you became acquainted with the Happysome and the Austin families, a great change has taken place among their members.

There is less sunshine now in the Happysome home. One bright, smiling face has left its threshold. Only the memory of her pure life is left to inspire the village people to higher things. Mrs. Happysome's face lights up with smiles now when people call her grandma.

At present Nicolas is almost a man, and manages the whole farm during his father's long absences. He has resolved to be an honest old bachelor, although many of the village girls would give their very lives to share his lot with him. He turns a deaf ear to the sweet words of

Mary Anne Blake, and appears to see not her radiant smiles. Poor girl! Her time has not come yet to wed.

Blossom, the mistress of Claud Austin's home, has become the joy and pride of her husband, to whom she has borne a smiling, rosy baby boy. Naught but sunshine surround this home. Good has become the final goal of that ill-fortune which some years ago overshadowed the lives of this happy pair.

LABOR, LIFE'S MISSION.

THE world in all its beauty reveals not only the handiwork of the great Designer, but also that of man. While nature, with its charming aspects, forms the background, the marvelous creations of man form the foreground. As nature abounds with innumerable materials in their free state, which need but to be fettered and variously transformed for utility, so man is endowed with special creative faculties, in order that he may modify these substances. The greater the efforts which he puts forth in developing his faculties, the greater and more precious are his conveniences. When the world was yet very young he began to exercise them by constructing rude huts, tilling the soil and transforming raw products into food and clothing. His creative powers are enlarged and perfected as the years pass into centuries. To-day, instead of the hut, the

village, the patriarchal family, the rude school system, the crude implements, the tallow or waxen candle, we have the palace, the city, the strong, centralized government, an advanced educational system, complicated machinery and the electric light. This great progress is due, not to the common mass of mankind, the indifferent, but to the faithful few—those who knew their mission and performed it.

Great heights are reached, not by a single bound, but by continued efforts. Perseverance is the fountain from whence flows precious, sparkling waters. Many are they who fall a prey either to ease and luxury or to aimless, poverty-stricken lives, because success does not crown their first efforts. Stephenson labored for over twenty years to produce and perfect the locomotive engine. Because of years of perseverance, Davy gave to the world the electric light; Fulton, the steamboat; Morse, the telegraph; Jansen, the microscope, and Field, the Atlantic cable.

The secret of all success, of all greatness, and of all happiness is to live for a noble purpose. It

has been said: "Let thrones decay, let empires perish, let dangers arise from without and from within, but stand firm to your purpose and true to your calling." The man without a purpose fritters away his energies and accomplishes nothing. He is rather to be likened unto the butterfly, which flits here and there, never gaining wealth, than unto the bee, which flies from flower to flower and lays up stores for winter comforts.

Behold the flowers of the field! They blossom to-day, perish to-morrow. So it is with man. To-day we see him stand forth in all the vigor of his young manhood; to-morrow we see him with his bent form and silvered hair. Life is too short to be spent in idleness. The living present alone bids our attention. The doors of opportunity are open to men of activity, enthusiasm and enterprise, to men who know their message and tell it, know their mission and wish to perform it.

Necessity in general makes manifest man's duty. Does not our country to-day in her pressing need call for aid? Does she not want her children educated, the poverty-stricken and helpless cared for, the fallen lifted up, demons which

corrupt manhood driven from her midst, and politics purified?

Man is a social being. His true happiness arises from serving his fellow-men; his mission is made void by serving self alone. Does not the sparkling brook as it flows winding through the country serve humanity better than the still water of a secluded lake? Does not the oasis bring more joy to the wearied, thirsty traveler and his camel than the burning sands of the barren desert? The value of a smile, a cordial handshake, a word of sympathy, a little act of service cannot be overrated. "Small service is true service." Small services are but the stepping-stones to greater services.

Our Revolutionary fathers sacrificed their lives to give freedom to their posterity. Stanley and Livingstone at the risk of their lives brought light to the dark parts of Africa. Over three million slaves owed their freedom to the untiring efforts of Abraham Lincoln. The lifelong service of Frances Willard has borne most excellent fruit. Margaret, of New Orleans, who was an orphan, brought up by the Sisters of Charity, fed the

hungry and cared for the orphan children with money she earned by selling milk and bread. She received the honor of being the first woman in the world to whom a monument in a public park was erected. Is it not to the honor of mankind, the glory of womanhood that this first monument was erected, not to some idle queen, some brilliant woman of exceptional gifts, but to a working-woman?

Labor, dignified labor, is man's mission. Were not the parents of the race placed by their Creator in the immortal Garden to till and care for it? The more the nerves and muscles of their bodies were strained, the more their brows were bathed with sweat, the greater was their happiness. So it is with their posterity. The degree of their comfort and happiness depends upon the energy with which they labor.

Broad is the field of labor; many and diversified are the sections into which it is divided. Each individual is endowed with a special faculty for a special line of work. In a new and wild region, where the means of subsistence are scanty and where the individual is thrust almost

entirely upon his own resources, in regions where the spirit of the Gospel has not entered and permeated, there is seen that "survival of the fittest," so noticeable everywhere in plant and brute life.

John Smith, the old Virginia planter, realized that the posterity of a people rests upon the individual laborer, when he issued his memorable proclamation, "He, who does not work, should not eat." The old saying, "The world owes me a living," is of little account in this present age.

While the able-bodied pauper of an enlightened and Christian country is an object of scorn, the weak and unfortunate man is an object of compassion and sympathy, and shares the fruits of the labor of the more fortunate.

Men deeply occupied in accomplishing some noble end, be it for self or for others, are kept free from the influences of evil men.

All great minds confirm the statement that labor, whether it be manual or mental, is not only the most precious gift bestowed upon man, but it is also his greatest privilege.

In the beginning, labor was imposed upon man

for his best welfare; afterward, because of disobedience, it was imposed upon him as a curse. After the coming of the Son of Man it became his greatest privilege.

Hard labor, true labor, not only satisfies and ennobles the mind and gives strength and vigor to the body, but also causes the barren desert to blossom as the rose.

GOLDEN RESULTS OF PURPOSEFUL LIVES.

DURING the past ages man has made great progress, although the pessimist sees only darkness and degeneration where the optimist sees sunshine and advancement.

In primitive days mankind dwelt in caves, in rude huts and beneath twisted boughs. Tribes were isolated by mountain barriers. Man wandered at will through unclaimed forests. Continents were separated by mysterious and unsailed seas.

Man has felled those forests and reared in their place palaces, cities and empires. He has spanned the rivers, crossed the continents with railways and subdued the mighty waves of the sea, over which he rides swiftly by the wondrous power of steam. He has enslaved the elements of the world, and even the wind and lightning

obey his will. Telegraphs and cables have brought the peoples of every land into closer and more vital relations with one another. The printing-press has made us acquainted with the noble thoughts and deeds of the great men of every age, with the heroes who have spent their lives for others, with the painters and sculptors who have created immortal forms by brush and chisel; it has made us acquainted with the philosophers who have fathomed the very depths of man's being and have learned the mysteries of the celestial bodies.

Women—notably the American women—are overcoming popular opinion, prejudices, and are stepping beyond the boundaries of the realm assigned to woman when the world was in its infancy. They have separated themselves into three groups. First, the old type of woman; she believes that by remaining faithful to the home life alone she can more successfully instill noble principles of manhood and womanhood into the minds of her children. Secondly, the new woman; she believes that her duty pertains not only to the home, but also to politics; therefore, she

petitions Congress that she be allowed to cast her vote at the polls. She thinks, since she is under the laws of her country, she ought to be allowed to help frame the laws. She wants to aid in cleansing politics of its corruption, and help steer the ship of state. Lastly, the "bachelor girl"; she thinks, since she is able to contend with her brother on the horse, on the wheel, in running, rowing, galloping and in the classroom, she is able also to contend with him in all the professions. She abandons the home and its environment, and successfully follows a profession.

The woman of the twentieth century will be a revelation. She will no longer be the timid, shrinking shadow of man; she will no longer be the weaker vessel, for she is developing by physical culture that side of her nature which has lain dormant for centuries.

What was it that so deeply agitated the American mind when it was made known that the statue of Maude Adams, a charming but frail young woman, was to be sent to the Parisian exposition as a typical representative of the American girl who is the young Amazon?

At this critical age our country cries and groans for men of noble purposes and strong convictions of purity and justice. Few men dare to stand firmly against public sentiment and contend for what they know to be of vital interest to mankind, while the indifferent, who number thousands, drift with the popular current. He is a slave who dares not stand for the right with two or three. Do not ten men vote for party while one man votes according to the dictates of his conscience? Are not many of our places of responsibility occupied by men of low principles, by men enthroned by a certain political party, and who retain their positions either by policy or the support of their promoters? Men of noble purposes, men who are as true to their trust as the needle is to the poles, men who will not sell their convictions, their birthrights, for a morsel of bread or a paltry piece of silver, are needed, not only to hold the reins of government, but also to be citizens of the Republic.

Here and there in the firmament of history shines a remarkable star. Did not Columbus remain faithful to his convictions? Did he not

contend against the opinions and scornful hisses of united Europe, and for years petition the courts to equip him with ships and provisions? Nay, did he not at last bid farewell to Palos and boldly venture out upon the mysterious sea?

William Lloyd Garrison, a man of strong convictions, dared to stand alone and face the throngs in Boston who were crying for negro servitude, and he even died for what he knew to be right and just.

Continuously in the mind are being produced noble ideas, which, if unheeded, finally vanish. Often a smoldering ideal can be fanned into a glowing, brilliant reality. Heroic deeds, noble acts, successful undertakings, are but the realizations of created ideas.

Roscoe, in his mind, experienced the life of the poor, ignorant laborer, and pitied him. Then he, in truth, built fountains for him where he could come after his day's work, cool his brow, meditate and grow wiser.

Howard, in his mind, put himself into the place of the prisoner, and lived his wretched life. And then he instituted prison reform.

Florence Nightingale, in her mind, felt the pains of the wounded soldiers. Then, in reality, she gathered about her an army of angel forces, which, with her as leader, walked with tearful eyes and voices soft and low among the sick and dying.

Men who have made marvelous achievements have been castle-builders. We rise by what is under our feet. "We build the ladder by which we rise from the lowly earth to the vaulted skies, and mount to its summit round by round."

Now and then physical weakness enters ambition's door and partially closes it. Although it thrusts man from the full tide of this world's interest, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, yet he calmly submits to its mighty power, and is happy with his lot, trying still to bring to pass his great ultimate purpose in life.

PROGRESS OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

THE present state of American household service in the home with modern improvements is far different from what it was a century ago. If we wish to study the gradual evolution of American housekeeping it may best be traced in New England.

First, we have the lob-cabin and garrison-house period. Necessity made labor dignified in those days. The men worked in the fields, the women in the kitchen, but both had many other occupations and knew the elements of several trades. The men shod their plows with hand-wrought iron and the women spun and wove the household linen.

Second, we have the frame-house period, when the house was built about the great chimney and the kitchen was the main living room. House-

keeping was not difficult in those days, because the family lived in so small a space that house-cleaning was reduced to a minimum. There was seldom a carpet and no bric-a-brac, while wooden or flag-bottomed chairs alone were used. A few tin spoons were often the only precious metal in the house besides a string of gold beads. The family cooked, ate, washed, sat, sewed, and almost slept in the kitchen. It is no wonder that the housewife could do all the indoor work, make all the clothes, nurse her children, attend to the neighboring sick, piece numberless patchwork quilts, knit pillow-cases full of stockings, braid rugs, besides finding time to go to meeting.

The transition from the simplest frame house to the house of modern improvements began with the evolution of the dining-room. With the dining-room began the ignoring of the process of cooking by the mistress, the separation of the household into those who served and those who were served. The kitchen became degraded, for it was no longer the center of family life. It was considered the inferior part of the house and was given to the care of inferiors, because with the

specialized house originated the servant-girl. In the log-cabin period each family did all its own work, and neighbors sometimes exchanged, while in the frame-house period the family hired help from neighboring households. The help ate and worked with the family. They were of the same nationality and attended the same church. The development of the dining-room caused social distinctions to be made, and then American girls no longer could be hired. Help must be obtained from foreign lands. The Irish girl, Biddy, was introduced into household service, and carried the service down with her. She did not know a dustpan by sight; she broke and burnt at pleasure, stopped up the sink drain without remorse, and yet demanded for her work three dollars a week. True, some of the Biddies of this period were perfect, model helps in the kitchen, but as a rule they rendered very poor service.

It has been said that intelligent, self-respecting girls will starve before entering household service, although it is better paid than almost any other manual labor performed by women and is done under more comfortable surroundings than

many kinds of work in factories, sewing-rooms, and shops. Nevertheless, the woebegone housewife complains because she is willing to pay high wages but cannot get trustworthy, efficient service in her kitchen.

It is plain why our self-respecting American girls do not enter household service. It commands no respect. The only way to make cooking, cleaning and other forms of housework respectable is to have this labor performed by respected, educated women. For one to be a nurse was once considered disgraceful, but now it is considered honorable and is looked forward to as a profession by hundreds of American girls of good families. What brought about this change? Training and education.

Another kind of service has risen in dignity because it has been taken up by cultured people. At the summer resorts in many parts of our country, notably at White Mountains, the dining-room attendance has passed into the hands of college students and local school mistresses.

The latest phase of American housekeeping which throws a hopeful light on the situation is

the "girl bachelor establishment," which is springing up in many of our large cities. College girls, bright business and professional women, are beginning to be willing to perform for themselves the humblest tasks.

The difference between the conveniences in the home to-day and fifty or a hundred years ago is very great. Then, as now, the housework went its weary round of cooking, sewing, washing, ironing, scrubbing, sweeping and dusting. To-day an abundance of water is brought to our sinks and much labor and anxiety are saved. Then it was carried by the pailful from wells or springs, which were liable to fail in dry seasons.

To-day, notwithstanding we have the sewing-machine, which far outsews the fingers, this greater rapidity has made possible as much greater elaborateness and profusion, so that precious time is used up all the same.

As to cooking, while our present conveniences do take from its labor, so that with equal simplicity we should gain time, here again comes in the greater elaborateness, brought about partly by the cooking schools which made the olden-

time cooking seem quite rudimentary. There is with a greater variety of food increased labor of preparation.

The walls, tables and mantels then were unencumbered with the multifarious and all-pervading bric-a-bac which now has to be dusted and variously cared for as a part of every day's work. To-day we have upholstered furniture to add to our comfort, which require more care than did the olden-time chairs, for moths have a peculiar liking for them. Now there is a multitude of rooms in the home instead of the one living room and tiny bedrooms of the former period.

Is there any wonder, then, that the woman with the most conveniences needs an aid? The question is, Do the present conveniences and the greater multiplicity of things to be done just about balance each other, or do the former help to bring to light that unknown quantity desired by women—"time enough."

The important place that domestic science occupies in civilization is being more and more realized. 'All over our country schools are being established—the Pratt Institute, in Brooklyn; the

Armour Institute, in Chicago, and also different schools of domestic and household art in Boston and other large cities. Private and advanced institutions are beginning to pay attention to the subject. The Ohio State University has now a four years' academic course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Domestic Science, which includes cooking, dressmaking, biology and chemistry. The Michigan Agricultural College is doing a grand thing by similar courses of study.

Cookery has formed a part of the regular course of study for girls in the public school of Philadelphia since 1890. The schools of other cities have a course of cookery extending over four years.

Scientific research shows that there is a four-fold mistake in our food economy; first, the purchase of needless but expensive kinds of food, because a false impression is formed that there is a peculiar virtue in costlier food materials; second, the food eaten does not always contain the proper portions of the different kinds of nutritive ingredients. Too much fats, starches and sweets are consumed in proportion to nitrogenous

matter, or protein; third, needless quantities of food are consumed. The worst sufferers from this evil are well-to-do people who do little manual labor, and brain workers, people of sedentary habits; fourth, serious errors are made in cooking. Not only is fuel wasted in the preparation of food, but even then the food is badly cooked. A reform in the methods of cooking is the economic demand of the time. As information is extended, the man of the future will be better nourished, will accomplish more, and will live on a higher plane physically, intellectually and morally.

About the time Mt. Holyoke Seminary was founded by Miss Lyon, a few minds began to discern that man himself can do much to modify his physical condition. Books began to appear on hygienic lines.

Sanitation is beginning to play an important part in household economics, which means that the household is so governed by the laws of life and health, so shielded from all causes of diseases, that each member will have a healthy body, nourished by good food, pure water and air.

Our grandmothers lived under a state of things far different from that under which we live. Bodily functions were only spoken of under the breath, and were supposed to depend on supernatural powers, although a few women did essay to assist nature with a little "herb tea." When a poor creature died suddenly, the coroner's jury would render the verdict: "Died by visitation of God."

The immediate household environment of many a woman in this country is a wet cellar, a wet, undrained house lot. The cellar, besides being wet, is dark, and has often in it decaying vegetables, which breed millions of disease germs, that pass up through the floor and taint the whole air so as to cause consumption, malaria, typhoid or diphtheria.

The home environment may be further aggravated by a well so situated as to become polluted by organic wastes, such wastes as are found about a barn. Pure and dry air are the first needs of the body. Simply the preparation of food is not woman's sphere; she must see that the air and the water are pure. A woman can become a true

sanitarian only by much reading and study of the subject. Mrs. Plunkett says: "To gain that penetrating and comprehensive information which constitutes the science of sanitation a woman must read and study and observe; she must mark and inwardly digest, and then she must rise up in all her womanly might and translate her knowledge into action—absolute, aggressive, ceaseless action—against the kingdoms of dust and filth and dampness and bacteria. Then, indeed, her children will have true occasion to rise up and call her blessed."

THE FORCE OF CHARACTER.

CHARACTER is made; it is not bestowed upon any man. It is earned, and never given. The mind and the heart alone are granted; men work upon and develop them. The mind is the paper; the character is what is written upon it. Men and women mold and form their own characters. As the foundation of knowledge rests upon the alphabet, so words, looks and actions form the alphabet by which the character is spelled.

As we look forth over the earth, we behold it clothed with plant life of every description. Here we see a palm, small, deformed and with undeveloped fruit, while its mottled leafage droops earthward. There we see a sister palm, tall, upright and laden with luscious fruit, while its dark-green foliage towers aloft. The former has obtained its nourishment from soil deprived of its natural ingredients, while the latter has obtained

its nourishment from soil teeming with rich vegetable matter. Human life, as well as plant life, grows by what it feeds upon.

To-day we meet a character low and repulsive. To-morrow we meet a character lofty and attractive. The man of low thoughts is known by his deeds, while the man of thoughts almost divine is known by his deeds. Life, like every other blessing, derives its value from its use alone. The shadow of the man of idle pleasures and self-gratification is never kissed by the sick and dying, as was that of Florence Nightingale.

The mind is the vineyard; the character is the fruit. Little by little the mind of a child grows. Children enter school without knowing the alphabet. The true teacher does not grow impatient over the small beginnings, but, letter after letter, name after name, object after object, are impressed on the mind, until a foundation is laid for future knowledge. Little by little the wisdom is gained which helps them to solve the problems of life. The more impressions that are made on the mind, the stronger and broader it becomes and the more excellent is the fruit. Hard

thinking makes the mind strong. "History makes men wise; poets, witty; mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; morals, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend." As Paul sat at the feet of Gamaliel, so sit we at the feet of knowledge. Our progress may be slow and tedious, but why need we despair? Have not many of our greatest men worked under disadvantage? How was it that Demosthenes became the greatest orator the world has ever known? The day may come when we shall have ascended the steep and rugged cliffs to the height of knowledge.

What makes the difference between the character of the man living in a dark corner of the earth and the man living in an enlightened country? The latter cultivates his mind and faculties, while the former allows his to lie dormant. The one has a longing to attain unto the very heights of the ideal life, while the other, groping in darkness, never beholds the vision of their beauty.

What was it that made George Washington such a good and noble man? It was the early

training of his mind. When asked why he was so good and honest, Washington replied: "My character is due to my mother's prayers and hymns." Upon the Bible Mrs. Washington sought to form her son's character. It has been said that "The models which St. Matthew presents are lifelike descriptions of Washington." George Washington's character is best shown by one of his own statements: "I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles, 'the character of an honest man.'"

In Eisleben, in Prussian Saxony, a babe was born, destined to become the monk who "shook the world." Half-clothed, half-fed, with the snows of winter chilling his bare feet and the storms whistling about his hatless head, Martin Luther grew and thrived. He gained in these hardships a vigorous constitution. Obedience to his stern, upright parents gave him a strong and noble character.

Luther had resolved to become a lawyer, but, by the mysterious workings of the Divine Will, he was induced to enter an Augustinian monas-

tery at Erfurt. What was the final result? It was freedom of religious thought. At Erfurt Luther fasted and underwent sufferings for past sins, as did the other monks. When on a mission to Rome he heard a voice saying: "The just shall live by faith alone." He went into the world to preach the new doctrine, and, if need be, to lay down his life. The strength and quality of Luther's character is shown by his courage in attacking the follies of the Romish church. The debt which the Protestant church owes to Luther can never be paid. Carlyle has said of him: "I call this Luther a truly great man—one of our most lovable and precious men, a right spiritual hero, a true son of nature, for whom these centuries and many more may yet be thankful."

George Washington, the most illustrious star of the Revolutionary period, Martin Luther, the "Morning Star" of the German Reformation, both from "the Choir Invisible of those Immortal Dead," live again in lives made better by their presence.

Nothing else in the universe is of real value

besides a good character. Character is the only thing a man can take into the other world; all else he leaves at the grave. Only true character will win from the Eternal Judge the approving sentence: "Well done." The highest life, or true character, is reached, not by paths strewn with roses, nor by him who reclines on flowery beds of ease. Character is the only thing that will win confidence. What was it that caused Adams to write to Washington, saying: "We must have your name"? Make, then, a good character the very crown of your life.

Men of good character are the want of the age. Men who are not for sale, men who are honest, men in whom the courage of everlasting life runs deep and strong, men who are not too proud to be poor, who are willing to eat what they have earned and wear what they have paid for, are the men demanded.

Life is a mission, not merely an existence; it is a continuous battle in which all must fight. He who has his "loins girt about with truth," has on the "breastplate of righteousness," takes in his hands the shield of brotherly love, and with the

sword of perseverance goes forth to fight the battle of life, will never be truly defeated. He that ruleth his own spirit aright is just as much a hero as the proud and haughty general. Heroism is ever the same; it does not ebb and flow. Some men are heroic on occasions. True heroism never wavers. It is not a momentary impulse or enthusiasm, like the frothing, flooding mountain rivers during a winter storm; but it is the sure and steady flow of active life, moving evenly along with increasing fullness, like the Mississippi, which flows on, ever broadening, ever deepening, toward the mighty sea.

THE END.



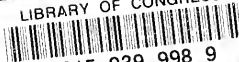
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